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For the Herald.

SKENADON.

The Oneida Chief, was well known in the wars of the Revolution as the undeviating friend of the people of the United States. In his youth he was addicted to drunkenness, but by his own reflections he fully abandoned the use of ardent spirits, and lived a reformed man for the last sixty years of his life; he died at Oneida Castle, in christian hope, aged 110 years. The students of Hamilton College, Judge Dean, Rev. Dr. Norton, and the Rev. Dr. Ayer, Mrs. Kirkland and family, with a large concourse of citizens attended; by his particular request his remains were placed beside his minister's, Rev. Mr. Kirkland, —as he expressed it—"that he might go up with him at the great resurrection. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Backus. E. C.

SPEECH OF JOHN SKENADON,

Head Chief of the Oneidas, on the discovery that their lands and improvements at the Castle were sold to the State, by the intrigue, (as he asserts) of certain white men. [The tears ran copiously from his eyes, and of all that heard him in Council while he spoke.]

My warriors and my children! Hear! —it is cruel—it is very cruel!—A heavy burden lies on my heart; it is sick; this is a dark day. The clouds are dark and heavy over the Oneida nation, and a strong arm is heavy upon us, and our hearts groan under it. Our fires are put out and our beds are removed from under us. The graves of our fathers are destroyed, and their children are driven away. The Almighty is angry with us; for we have been very wicked; therefore his arm does not keep us. Where are the chiefs of the rising sun? white chiefs now kindle their ancient fires! There no Indian sleeps, but those that are sleeping in their graves. My house will soon be like theirs; soon will a white chief kindle this fire. Your Shenadon will soon be no more, and his village no more a village of Indians.

The news that came last night by our men from Albany, made this a sick day in Oneida. All our children's hearts are sick, and our eyes rain like the black clouds that roar on the tops of the trees in the wilderness. Long did the strong voice of Skenadon cry, children, take care, be wise be straight.—His feet were then like the deer's, and his arms like the bear's—he can now only mourn out a few words and then be silent; and his voice will soon be heard no more in Oneida. But certainly he will be long in the minds of his children—with white men, Skenadon's name has gone far and will not die. He has spoke many words to make his children straight. Long has he said, drink no strong water—for it makes you mice for white men who are cats. Many a meal have they eaten of you. Their mouth is a snare and and their way like the fox. Their lips are sweet but their heart is wicked. Yet there are good whites and good Indians—I love all good men, and Jesus whom I love, sees all. His great day is coming; he will make straight; he will say to cheating whites and drinking Indians, begone ye, begone ye: go, go, go. Certainly my children, he will drive them away. In that day I will rejoice. But, oh! great sorrow is in my heart that many of my children mourn. The great Jesus has looked on all the while the white were cheating us; and it will remain in his mind; he will make all straight again. Long, long, have I believed his good words; and as long as I live I will pray to him. He is my good savior—my blind eyes he will open. I shall see him. Children, his way is a good way.

Hearken, my children, when this news sounds in the council house, towards the setting sun, and the chiefs of the Six Nations hearken, and they send to the council by the great lake, near the setting sun, and they cry, make bows and arrows, sharpen the tomahawk—put the chain of friendship with the whites into the ground—warrior kill, kill! The great chiefs of the setting sun wont kill any of the six nations that go into his land because they have a chain of friendship with the whites, and he says the whites have made us wicked like themselves, and that we have sold them our land; we have not sold it; we have been cheated and my messengers shall speak true words in the great council house, towards the setting sun, and say, yet bury the tomahawk; Oneidas must be children of peace.

Children! some say your chiefs have signed papers of whitemen that sold our fires. Your chiefs have signed no papers, sooner would they let the tomahawk lay them low. We know one of our men was hired by white men to tell our men this, and will now tell you so, (himself.) Papers are wicked things—take care, sign none of them but such as our minister reads to us. He is straight. You now see his tears running like ours.

Father, you are our minister; dry up your tears. We know if your arm could it would help us. We know that wicked men speak ill of you for our sakes. You suffer with us. But you are Jesus' servant and he will love you no less for loving Indians.

Children—our two messengers will run and carry our sorrows to the great council fire toward the setting sun.—Run, my children, and tell our words. Give health to all the chiefs assembled round the great council fire. And may Jesus the great Savior, bring you back safe."

[Two men then set off immediately for Buffalo.] P. C.

LETTER FROM MR. PHELPS.

HON. JOSEPH SEGAR,
Dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated Richmond, and addressed to my colleage and myself, containing an inquiry in relation to the recent act of the Legislature of Vermont, which has been the subject of such general remark throughout the country.

I hesitate not to say, in the most unequivocal manner, and in this I have the concurrence of my colleague in the Senate, and I believe that of the entire delegation of Vermont, that the act refered to does not "embody the deliberate sense of the people of Vermont."

I may add with truth, that it does not, in my opinion, embody the deliberate sentiment of the legislative body of the State. The act was hurried through the Legislature at the close of the session, in the absence of many of the members, without discussion or explanation of its character and effect, and I have reason to believe in utter ignorance on the part of many members who were present of its objectionable features. Such was the haste attending the passage of the act, that the first intimation to the public that such a measure was in contemplation was through the publication of the law itself.

That publication produced general surprise, and, among men of reflection almost universal and deep regret.—The act is disapproved by the almost entire press, and I doubt not by a vast majority of the people of the State. It certainly was received by her delegation in Congress with sentiments of deep regret and mortification, as inflicting a stain upon the high character of her people for patriotism, attachment to the Union, and submission to constitutional authority; and as falsifying the professions and pledges so boldly and confidently made during recent exciting discussions by her delegation on the floor of Congress. The law has been the subject of general discussion by the press of that State, and, with one or two exceptions, has received from that source the most pointed reprobation. I have seen but one or two attempts to vindicate it. Perhaps the courtesy due to the source from which those efforts are supposed to proceed, forbid the expression that they may be characterized as weak; but that they will fail to satisfy the people of the State of the propriety and constitutionality of the act of her Legislature, I most confidently predict.

No attempt has been made, or will be made, to sustain the right of the State to override, modify, or annul an act of Congress, by State legislation.—The only attempt to vindicate the law which has fallen under my observation, consists in the effort to reconcile the law of the State with the act of Congress commonly called the fugitive slave law. a task so hopeless, in my judgment, that whoever attempts it will very soon find it most convenient and most agreeable to relinquish it. If there be at this moment any difference of opinion among the people of that State as to the merits of the State law, it is upon this point. Those, if such there be, who can discover no conflict between it and the act of Congress, will of course discover no constitutional impediment to the exercise of legislative discretion by the State Legislature; but let the point be once settled that the law is repugnant to, and irreconcilable with the act of Congress, and I pledge myself that there is not one of ten of the voters in that State, including the whole population, who would stand by the State law for a moment. That they will discover the utter incompatibility of the two laws, I have no doubt. They are an intelligent, as well as a patriotic people and will not fail to perceive that, unless they can endow a dark skin with the power of ubiquity, so as to surrender a fugitive to the claimant, to be removed to the State whence he fled, in conformity with the act of Congress, and at the same time retain him as a free man under their protection, for further investigation, and with a view to his future discharge as such, the two acts cannot be carried on without conflict.

It is my deliberate opinion that this law will share the fate of other acts of hasty and improvident legislation, of which the history of State legislation is full. A few years since, a similar law was enacted by the Legislature of Vermont, but in conformity with the decision of the Supreme Court, in case of Prigg vs. Pennsylvania, was very readily repealed. Such, I am confident, will be the fate of this law when another Legislature shall meet.

I found this opinion upon the intelligence of the people of that State, which will not fail to perceive that their law is in a constitutional point of view, utterly indefensible; and upon their habitual regard for law and order, and attachment to the Constitution and the Union. These characteristics of the people are by no means temporary, occasional, or transitory. They are permanent as the Puritan character, and the impress which that character had fixed upon the institutions, the policy, and the destiny of this country. The most prominent feature in the policy of the original settlers of New England, was the rigid and stringent enforcement of law and legal authority. With the present generation, submission to legal authority is a principle founded in education, and strengthened by habit. The people of Vermont are less exposed than most of the States to be drawn from this position. Surrounded by a population as peaceable as themselves—having none of those sores upon the body politic, large commercial cities, the hot hold of excitement, disorder, riot resistance to law—being an agricultural people, dispersed upon their farms and living in comparative seclusion, they are not only secluded from those influences which generate disorder and disturb the quiet of society, but with means and opportunites of education and early training, and with habits of reflection adapted to their mode of life, they are peculiarly a deliberate, a considerate, and an orderly people. They are a people to be trusted. In their hands the institutions of the country are safe. When they put their hand to the work of disorganization we may despair of the republic. But that hand is not yet raised, nor will it be. They are indeed subject to the influences, which, like a cloud, pass over the community, and darken the political firmament; the legislative body may, under sudden impulses, forget what is due to their constituency and themselves, but, believe me, there is a redeeming spirit in that people, in their intelligence and virtue, which will set all right at last.—Their self-respect will lead them to a repeal of the objectionable law. As a representative of that State here, I have deplored the indiscretion of her late legislature. I desire to remove the blemish from her reputation, and, as the most effectual and honorable mode of doing so, I desire that she may be left to the course which her own sense of propriety, uninfluenced by threats or provocations of any kind, may dictate. Above all, let me entreat that no measure of retaliation or resentment may be interposed, at least until she have opportunity to retrace her steps or to show to the world a determination to persist in error.

In the present unhappy condition of our country, so different from the harmony which once reigned here, it behooves every friend of the country to advance with caution. *The very worst remedy for indiscretion and folly on one side, is indiscretion and folly on the other.* The natural result is mutual irritation and mutual alienation. That consciousness of wrong where wrong originates, which would otherwise work a remedy, is often smothered and stifled by retaliatory and vindictive measures. The human mind, impatient of self condemnation, naturally seeks escape from self-reproach and self-defence is grateful. *Does not the page of our history now enacting exhibit the workings of this propensity?* Are we not prone, instead of watching our own footsteps and correcting our own errors, *to make up a balance sheet of political delinquences chargeable to this or that section of our common republic, with a view of determining in the end who has been the greatest offender, and done most towards the distraction of the glorious fabric of American nationality?*

Permit me to add, that in my judgment, the most effectual cure for the suspicions and jealousy which are now alienating, to an alarming degree, the different sections of the country, is founded in the manifestation of reciprocal confidence. Let each party throw itself upon the wisdom and patriotism of those who, by the voice of the country, are charged with those great interests which are now at hazard, trusting to a discreet and patriotic exercise of the legislative power within its constitutional limits, and to that high judicial tribunal in which we all have confidence, to restrain that discretion within its appropriate sphere. There is patriotism and devotion to the Union North, and there is like patriotism and devotion South. There is enough of both to save the Union; and if it be found in the masses, it will be found in their representatives. My own observation for the twelve years that I have participated in the public councils, has afforded many decisive proofs of the sound patriotism and the elevated views of those who, on the one side and the other, have been honored by the public confidence.

The experience of the last session of Congress, which at its commencement found us distracted by various and conflicting opinions, deeply rooted and most zealously adhered to, but which terminated in those measures of pacification so generally, if not universally satisfactory to the country, furnishes strong proof that there is strong ground for mutual confidence left. The cordial co-operation of the ablest men of both parties in that great work—the readiness with which those who could not sustain the measures of pacification in its original form came to the rescue in the measures ultimately adopted, give satisfactory proof that, however we may have degenerated since the days of the revolution, and fallen short of the elevated statesmanship and patriotism of our predecessors, we are not yet altogether unworthy to wield the destinies of this great Republic.

There are too many considerations connected with our history and present condition, which warm the heart and thrill through the veins, to permit us to rush madly upon desperate measures. Our progress—our unparalleled advance in all the elements of national prosperity and greatness—our present position, commanding the respect and admiration of the world—our just national pride, and the glorious prospect of the future—the happy results thus far of the great experiment, first successfully tried on this continent, appeal to every lover of his country and his race, to stand by the Union which has wrought out these results, and to frown upon every movement which would render that great experiment a failure. Let not the indiscretion of this or that State Legislature disturb the equipoise of our system. Let not folly and madness be contagious; but let reason triumph over fanaticism, and devotion to the whole country triumph over sectional and party considerations.

Perhaps these remarks are already extended too far. I am glad that your enquiry has afforded an opportunity to counteract, in some degree, the unfavorable impressions created at the South by an act of my State which I sincerely deprecate. If I have indulged in remarks not called for or unnecessary, attribute it, I beseech you, to deep feeling on this momentous subject, and an ardent desire for the restoration of harmony. At all events, I have this assurance, that, whether appropriate or not, the sentiments here expressed, if they do no good, will work no harm.

I am, sir, very respectfully, yours,
SAMUEL S. PHELPS.

WHAT A HOD MAN CAN DO.

Many people turn up their noses at what they call 'dirty work,' as though all honest labor was not cleaner than many kid-gloved ways of swindling one's self through the world. Rather than owe our living to the latter we would infinitely prefer to shake carpets or sweep chimneys at fifty cents a day. A day or two since we learned an instructive bit of history touching a doer of 'dirty work' or a hod-man. No matter where he was born; he was none the worse for being a Turk-man or an Irishman. He came to this city about ten years ago, young, healthy, and honest. He could get no employment but hod-carrying, and he carried so well as to earn his dollar a day. He procured cheap but good board and lodgings; spent none of his earnings in groceries or low places; attended Church on the Sabbath; educated himself evenings; laid up money, and at the end of five years bought a lot in the city, and built a pretty cottage. In one year more, he found a good wife, and used the cottage he had before rented out. For these last six years he had steadily carried the hod. He was a noted worker, an acknowledged scholar, and a noble pattern of a man. On the opening of the eighth year, his talent and integrity were called to a more profitable account.—He embarked as a partner in a more professional business already well established. This day he is worth at least $100,000; has a beautiful wife and two lovely children; a home that is the centre of a brilliant social and intellectual circle, and he is one of the happiest and most honored of men, as far as he is known. So much has come of a hod-man.—[New Yorker.

EXPERIMENTING. A gentleman in England intends covering a large barn on his farm at Heavitree with a glass roof, after the model of the palace of glass. It is to be 110 feet long and 28 wide. It is said the expense will be above two thirds of the cost of slate, and he anticipates several advantages from the novel roof; among others, it may be applied to the drying corn during a catching harvest. The corn can be placed in the barn immediately upon being reaped, by which means it will have the benefit of the sun when it shines, be protected from the showers, and also dried by artificial heat, if required, and then stacked in ricks under a covered stack-yard. He will next sow the land with turnip or rape, and so get three crops in one year.

A WORLD'S FAIR IN 1852.—We are to have a World's Fair here—on Governor's Island in 1852. The matter is in good hands, and is quietly, but none the less surely walking towards its completion. The Astor House has subscribed $5,000 towards the expense of it, the Irving House $5,000 and the New York Hotel $5,000 and other Hotels in proportion to their means. A number of our wealthy merchants have subscribed, or have signified their willingness to subscribe whenever the money is absolutely wanted.—[N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

ALEXANDER DUMAS' NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

There is a certain noted author, whose pen is worth a California *placer*, so prolific is it, but whose extravagance would exhaust the Pactolus if it flowed through his house. Now this literary Hercules was early one morning visited by a hussar and two assistants, who avowed their purpose of seeing him safely to prison, on account of a certain debt, they being in fact only deputies of the *gard de commerce*. He attempted to discuss, to negotiate, to entreat—but all to no purpose; the officer was polite but inexorable, the orders were formal, the writ regularly issued; twelve hundred francs must be forthcoming, or the doors of the prison of Clichy would close upon him. How was he to extricate himself?

"You will at least go with me to my bookseller?" said the author, perceiving a ray of hope.

"Certainly, monsieur, any where you please. I am at your service until sunset."

The whole entering a coach, were speedily conveyed to the bookseller's where the debtor alighted, and accompanied by his three satellites made known his object, which was to procure an advance of twelve hundred francs on his forth coming work.

"Sorry to refuse you, my dear Dumas, but the fact is, you know our express agreement, not one cent in advance. In exchange for your manuscripts, I will go up to any amount at the rate of forty francs per page of writing; otherwise nothing."

"Take me home again," said the prisoner, addressing his guard.

"And what shall I do with my writ?"

"Don't be alarmed, take me back to my house."

Again they enter the coach and in a few minutes are at the author's residence.

"Leave your bailiffs in the passage and come into my library," said he to the officer. It was done. "Now, take a comfortable seat on that sofa here are cigars, rum, and all my books, five hundred volumes—I admit none but my own works. Smoke drink and read!"

"Until sunset, monsieur?"

"Yes, no longer time is necessary." So saying, Dumas threw off his coat, and seating himself at his desk, seized his pen and commenced writing furiously.

"What are you about to do, monsieur," asked the other.

"Don't disturb me, I am coining money."

A quarter of an hour elapsed, Dumas rang the bell, his valet answered it. "Take that to the publisher, who will give you forty francs for it.

He was obeyed. Fifteen minutes after, there was another ring; the groom appeared, and was similarly commissioned. Each succeeding quarter of an hour a leaf was dispatched; messengers were in demand; they formed almost a chain between the author and publisher. In a short time the crowns began to arrive, the copy and money passing each other continually in the street, and the piles of each growing perceptibly larger. At last, after seven hours and a half of this intense labor, the battle was gained, and the debt discharged, while the sun was yet fifteen minutes high.

The hussar immediately sounded a retreat, much astonished at what he had seen, and somewhat so at what he had drank. It was only then that Dumas was conscious of having taken no sustenance since the evening before, seating himself at the table with as much spirit as if he had just been taking a refreshing nap he exclaimed:

"I have not wasted my day."

[Gazette Francaise.

PAT AND THE OYSTERS.

Pat, who had just been transplanted, had been sent by his master to purchase half a bushel of oysters, at the quay; but was absent so long that apprehensions were entertained for his safety.—He returned at last however, puffing under his load in the most musical style.

'Where have you been?' exclaimed his master.

'Where have I been? Why, where should I be but to fetch the isters?'

'And what in the name of St. Patrick kept you so long?'

'Long! By me sowl, I think I have been pretty quick, considering all things.

'Considering what things?'

'Considering what things? Why, considering the dressing of the fish, to be sure.

'Dressing what fish?'

'What fish? Why, blur-an-owns, the isters.'

'What do you mean?'

'What do I mean? Why, I mean as I was resting down forenent the Pickled Herring, and having a dhrop to comfort me, a gintleman axed me what I'd got in my sack. 'Isters,' said I. 'Let's look at 'em,' says he, and he opens the bag. 'Och, thunder and blazes,' says he, 'who sowled you those?' 'It was Mick Carney,' says I, 'aboard the Peml Doodle Smack.' 'Mick Carney, the thafe of the world! What a blackguard he must be to give them to you without dressing.' 'Aint they dressed,' said I. 'Divil a one of them,' says he. 'Musha, then, says I, what'll I do?'—says he, 'I'll sooner do it meself than have you so abused.' 'An' so he takes 'em in doors and dresses 'em nate and c'ane, as you'll see,' opening at the same time his bag of oyster shells that were as empty as the head that bore them to the house.

A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISER.—A story was told me by Dr. Southey, with an assurance that it was literally true, of a gentleman who being in want of wife, advertised for one, and at the place and time appointed was met by a lady. Their stations in life entitled them to be so called, and the gentleman as well as the lady was in earnest. He, however, seemed to be of the same opinion as King Pedro was of his wife, Queen Mary, of Arragon, that she was not so handsome as she might be good; so the meeting ended in their mutual disappointment. Caleb advertised a second time, appointing a different square for the place of meeting, and varying the words of the advertisement. He met the same lady—they recognized each other—could not choose but smile at the recognition, and perhaps neither of them could choose but sigh. You will anticipate the event; the persevering bachelor tried his lot a third time in the newspapers, and at the third place of appointment he met the equally persevering spinster. After this meeting neither of them could help laughing. They began to converse in good humor, and the conversation became so agreeable on both sides, and the circumstances appeared so remarkable, that the third interview led to a marriage. It was a happy one.

During the session of the Circuit Court in Lexington, Ky., a most fearful ugly man was seen daily. He was always on bad and perfectly hideous.—one of the lawyers could bear it no longer and said to him—

'Well, 'you are the ugliest white-man I ever saw.'

The poor bumpkin bust into a hearty laugh, and seid—

'Well, I can't help it, can I.'

'No,' answered the son of Blackstone—no you can't help it; but confound you, you could stay at home.'

RIGHT TO THE POINT.—Almost any one can be courteous and patient in a neighbor's house. If anything goes wrong, or is out of time, or is disagreeable, there it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another, is impossible at home, but maintain without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies.

POTATOES—*The Farmers.* Perhaps we can give a hint to some of our farmers in relation to the growing of Potatoes, that will be of service to them. Some, no doubt understand the matter—others not so fully. It relates to the kind of Potatoes to be cultivated, and the difference in the profit realized from them.

This year, and it has been uniformly the case we understand, there has been a difference in the price obtained in Boston, of from 12 to 20 cents a bushel.

The *Peach Blow* and the *Pink Eye*, commanding, on an average, about 15 cents more a bushel than the more common kind of potatoes. The round and large Pink Eye is the kind we refer to. This kind and the Peach Blow are as productive as the common white potatoe—therefore, should have the preference by producers for the market. The Peach Blow bears a little the highest price. The small Pink Eye, less round than the kind referred to, is still more valuable, but is less productive and more difficult of cultivation. Perhaps if we should name a fact the difference in the present price of potatoes would appear still more apparent. A buyer remarked a day or two since that he would pay 50 cents a bushel for 500 bushels of the round Pink Eye. The common white potatoe sells here for from 33 to 35 cents a bushel.

There can be scarcely a doubt but at all times the right sort of potatoe may be cultivated to good advantage by our farmers. The average price of good potatoes, in Boston, for the last half dozen years, has not been less than 65 cents. The freight, by Railroad is 15 cents per bushel.—Should the market price be less than 65 cents there is left an ample margin for profitable cultivation.

Some farmers of our acquaintance have procured the better sort of potatoes for seed, and will, if the season proves to be favorable, turn out a large quantity for market another fall.—[Caledonian.

ANOTHER CUBAN EXPEDITION.—The Atlanta (Georgia) Intelligencer, of the 10th instant, says:

"One hundred and twenty enterprising looking young men took the Macon and Western cars from this city this morning, bound professedly for California, but it is well understood here that their intended destination is the Island of Cuba. Several young men from Atlanta joined the company before it left. It is, perhaps, worthy of notice, in this connection, that half a dozen boxes of rifles were yesterday morning shipped on the Atlanta and West Point railroad from this place."

MEMENTO OF PAUL JONES.—The spy glass which was used by the Chevalier John Paul Jones, during his whole naval career, was presented by him in 1787 to John Ross, esq., father in law of Hon. Samuel Breck, of Philadelphia. It has remained in Mr. Breck's possession since the decease of Mr. Ross, until the 26th ultimo, when he transferred it to Commodore Du Point, as "a gentleman of the naval hero's profession worthy of its guardianship."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN NEW YORK CITY.—The buildings Nos. 180 182 and 184 Broadway, adjoining the Howard Hotel, were totally destroyed by fire last week. The upper story of 186, as also the North Wing of the Howard Hotel, were likewise consumed. The fire occurred about one o'clock and the consternation among the large numbers of borders at the Hotel, nearly all of whom had retired, was very great. Much of the furniture was badly damaged. The total loss to the Hotel proprietors is $30,000. No 180 was a seven story stone building, and was occupied by Messrs. Hudson & Roberston, dry goods dealers. They were engaged up to 11 o'clock the night previous, taking in goods, and it was here the fire was first discovered.

COL. BENTON—GEN. SCOTT.—*Cincinnati, April 11th.*—Hon Thomas H. Benton delivered a great speech before the assembled Democrats of St. Louis on Friday evening last.—He was received with much enthusiasm. Mr. B. explained his actions during the past session of Congress, and vindicated his course. He was particularly bitter in speaking of his political opponents.

Gen. Scott is still here, not having as yet accomplished the object of his visit, which is the selection of a suitable site for the erection of a Military Asylum. He has declined the honor of a public dinner, tendered him by our citizens.

PURCHASE OF SIMS.—We learn from Mr. Fetridge that he has purchased from the agent of the Southern owner, the slave Sims, for the sum of $1500:—the slave to be sent back to this city in six weeks from this time, after going through the necessary forms of delivery in Georgia. It is Mr. Fetridge's intention to employ Sims as an agent for the sale of articles.—*Boston Mail.*

A CLOCK FOR SIXTY CENTS.—Mr. Chauncey Jerome, of New Haven, Conn., has actually made a timepiece, which he will warrant to keep good reckoning, and which he sells for 60 cents at wholesale, and $1 at retail. The works are all made of brass. He makes upward of 600 a day of these articles.

From the Tioga (N. Y.) Eagle.

LAST WORDS OF THE PRESIDENTS.

When Washington was 67 years old he laid upon his death bed. "I find I am dying," said he; "*my breath cannot last long.*" And again. "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed, from my first attack, I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long." And so he ceased to breathe.

More than a quarter of a century elapsed before a similar scene was witnessed. Then, on the same day, the first jubilee of the nation, Adams at 90 years of age, and Jefferson at 83, came down to their last hour.—"I resign myself to my God," said Jefferson, "and my child to my country." Soon after Adams exclaimed, "Independence forever!" and all was over. They, too, had ceased to breathe.

Five years after this, at 71 years of age, Munroe ceased to breathe.